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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,
BY PROTEUS ECHO.
No. 18.

Fortem posce animum, et mortis terrore carentem,
Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat naturæ———

JUV. SAT. X.

I KNOW not by what happy providence it is, that I naturally love to look into futurity, and am delighted with nothing more than the contemplation of my own state of existence many ages to come. This thought arises in my mind upon all occasions; and I perform scarce any action without asking my heart, how I shall reflect upon it a thousand years hence? I rejoice to let myself loose into eternity, and view the inextricable mazes it must pass through in that strange labyrinth of duration.—When I am in these exercises, my soul seems to brighten, and expand, and act like itself. It disdains the present little period of life, compared to the everlasting condition that is to succeed it. The flattering beauties that gild the scenes of time decay, and dye upon its sight, when with a strengthened and enlarged ken, it looks beyond the shades of death, to the eternal realities of another world. It is raised and fired with the meditation. It is impatient of the chains of the body; confesses its superior nature; and grasps after immortality.

And as I thus take a pleasure in conversing with my soul, upon the unknown passages of its future existence, so I am not a little gratified, to conceive the changes that my body must also undergo, in the infinite round of years. What mutations have already passed upon it, I find it very difficult to imagine. I puzzle myself to conceive, where this curious composition of animated dust subsisted a century or two ago; what form it wore; or in what elements it lay hid. All the lights which philosophy has advanced to clear this matter, leave but a glimmering idea in my imagination about it; and if some hypotheses look plausible, yet, at least, they fall far short of demonstration.

But to start the era of my immortality from the present point of life, what a train of vicissitudes stretches from my eyes in one endless prospect! indeed the only particular changes that I can be sure of, with respect to my body, are, *death* and the *resurrection*. The latter of these is an article of faith, plainly revealed in the holy writings; as the former is also confirmed by reason, and the daily evidence of our senses.

Death, as it is a transaction that so nearly concerns all mankind, cannot but be worthy of a most solemn and frequent contemplation with them. I shall therefore, with-

way, decorated with this captivating tinsel, until they have bewildered themselves and their readers. We will not, however, at present, attempt to decide, whether the southern poets of Europe exceed in their *extravagancies* the northern ones; but content ourselves simply with giving a few examples of a particular kind drawn from the works of both.

Père Bouhours, in his third dialogue *de la manière de bien penser dans les ouvrages d'esprit*, asserts that nothing can be more foolish than the *refined thoughts* of poets and romance-writers upon the *eyes* of their heroines—even when they endeavour to speak with seriousness; and he relates that a Castilian poet, in order to praise the black eyes of his mistress, asserts, that *they were in mourning for the swains they had killed.* The author of the *Conquisto di Granata* describes the eyes of his *Elvira* as possessing so much fire and brilliancy that the stars of heaven are beautiful only as far as they resemble them.

Occhi, appo cui tanto son belle,
Quanto simili à lor sono le stelle.

We commonly compare the eyes to the stars, and their beauty is so much the more as their resemblance is the greater; but here the stars are only beautiful in proportion to their resemblance to the eyes of the Princess of *Grenadine.* But the extravagance of a Spanish poet is not less, who, having an enemy whom he wished to get rid of, requested of a lady her eyes to kill him.

Jnez dame tus ojos
Por una noche:
Porque quiero con ellos
Matur á un hombre.

Perhaps the French poets do not so generally run into this *species of excess*; but we select an example from the author "*des Idylles nouvelles,*" who relates of his shepherdess, that

Les beaux yeux de Naïs, d'un seul de leurs rayons,
Rendent aux fleurs l'éclat, la verdure aux gazons.

And the eyes of another of his shepherdesses are not confined to the burning of all hearts:—

Ils brulent l'herbe encore, mettent les fleurs en poudre,
Brillent comme un eclair, et brûlent comme un foudre.

In recurring for examples of this sort to the works of our English poets—we had recourse immediately to the *lines of the love-sick Hammond* as affording a fruitful field for selection; but to our astonishment, after four years absence from his pages, we could discover but one striking instance for quotation. Speaking of his Delia, he says,

" The world enamour'd of her lovely eyes
" Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast."

Pomfret, however, makes ample amends on this head. His heroine's charms would move

" Old age and frozen impotence to love."

And by way of caution, he adds

" Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes
" Whose pois'nous rays do to the soul convey
" Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart."

In another of his blissful extravagancies he exclaims—

" An age's pleasure in each gen'rous eye
" Years of delight, in moments we possess,
" And heav'n itself was there epitomiz'd."

Even the great Johnson himself when mounted on his Pegasus, loses sight of his more chastened judgment, and, in addressing his Stella, forgets there are rules for just thinking.

" When in your eyes resistless lights display,
" Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
" And yield reluctant to despotic sway.

These conceits, as frivolous and *outré* as they appear to be—have too often been passed over as *delicate refinements* of common subjects, by modern taste: and although they may be admitted, without much exception, into the composition of an Idyl or an Eclogue, which do not perhaps demand that adherence to truth and precision that is required in history and narration—yet we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise at the easy entrance they gain into graver compositions, which ought to be distinguished alone for their simplicity.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

MR. FOX'S WORK.

THE public have been anxiously expecting the fragment of an historical work written by Mr. Charles J. Fox; which has at length been published under the supervision of his brother Lord Holland. The name of Fox is dear to every lover of patriotism, eloquence and integrity; and every part of the political transactions of the reign of James II. as described by so consummate a politician must gratify all classes of readers. We beg leave to subjoin the character of Charles II. with which the author concludes the introductory chapter.

"With respect to the character of this Prince, upon the delineation of which so much pains have been employed, by the various writers who treat of the history of his time, it must be confessed that the facts which have been noticed in the foregoing pages, furnish but too many illustrations of the more unfavourable parts of it. From these we may collect, that his ambition was directed solely against his subjects, while he was completely indifferent concerning the figure which he or they might make in the general affairs of Europe; and that his desire of power was more unmixed with the love of glory than that of any other man whom history has recorded; that he was unprincipled, ungrateful, mean, and treacherous, to which may be added vindictive, and remorseless. For Burnet, in refusing to him the praise of clemency and forgiveness, seems to be perfectly justifiable, nor is it conceivable upon what pretence his partizans have taken this ground of panegyrick. I doubt whether a single instance can be produced, of his having spared the life of any one whom motives, either of policy or revenge, prompted him to destroy. To alledge that of Monmouth, as it would be an affront to human nature, so would it likewise imply the most severe of all satires against the monarch himself, and we may add too an undeserved one. For in order to consider it as an act of meritorious forbearance on his part, that he did not follow the example of Constantine, and Philip the Second, by imbruing his hands in the blood of his son, we must first suppose him to have been wholly void of every natural affection, which does not appear to have been the case. His declaration, that he would have pardoned Essex, being made when that nobleman was dead, and not followed by any act evincing its sincerity, can surely obtain no credit from men of sense. If he had really had the intention, he ought not to have made such a declaration, unless he accompanied it with

some mark of kindness to the relations, or with some act of mercy to the friends of the deceased. Considering it as a mere piece of hypocrisy, we cannot help looking upon it as one of the most odious passages of his life. This ill-timed boast of his intended mercy, and the brutal taunt with which he accompanied his mitigation, (if so it may be called) of Russel's sentence, show his insensibility and hardness to have been such, that in questions where right and feelings were concerned, his good sense, and even the good taste for which he has been so much extolled, seemed wholly to desert him.

"On the other hand, it would be want of candour to maintain, that Charles was entirely destitute of good qualities; nor was the propriety of Burnet's comparison between him and Tiberius ever felt, I imagine, by any one but its author. He was gay and affable, and, if incapable of the sentiments belonging to pride of a laudable sort, he was at least free from haughtiness and insolence. The praise of politeness, which the stoicks are not perhaps wrong in classing among the moral virtues, provided they admit it to be one of the lowest order, has never been denied him, and he had in an eminent degree that facility of temper which, though considered by some moralists as nearly allied to vice, yet, inasmuch as it contributes greatly to the happiness of those around us, is, in itself, not only an engaging, but an estimable quality. His support of the Queen during the heats raised by the Popish plot, ought to be taken rather as a proof that he was not a monster, than to be ascribed to him as a merit; but his steadiness to his brother, though it may and ought, in a great measure, to be accounted for upon selfish principles, had at least a strong resemblance to virtue.

"The best part of this Prince's character seems to have been his kindness towards his mistresses, and his affection for his children, and others nearly connected to him by the ties of blood. His recommendation of the Duchess of Portsmouth and Mrs. Gwyn, upon his death bed, to his successor, is much to his honour; and they who censure it, seem, in their zeal to show themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion. Charles's connection with those ladies might be vicious, but at a moment when that connection was upon the point of being finally, and irrevocably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness, was virtue. It is not for the interest of morality that the good and evil actions, even of bad men, should be confounded. His affection for the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Orleans, seems to have been sincere and cordial. To attribute, as some have done, his grief for the loss of the first to political considerations, founded upon an intended balance of power between his two brothers, would be an absurd refinement, whatever were his general disposition; but when we reflect upon that carelessness which, especially in his youth, was a conspicuous feature of his character, the absurdity becomes still more striking. And though Burnet more covertly, and Ludlow more openly, insinuate that his fondness for his sister was of a criminal nature, I never could find that there was any ground whatever for such a suspicion; nor does

the little that remains of their epistolary correspondence give it the smallest countenance. Upon the whole, Charles the Second was a bad man, and a bad king: let us not palliate his crimes; but neither let us adopt false or doubtful imputations, for the purpose of making him a monster."

The following JEU D'ESPRIT, by Mr. Cowper, Author of the Task, descriptive of one of his rural Excursions, is not in his published Poems, or in his posthumous Works, and has never appeared in print.

THE DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS;
OR LABOUR IN VAIN.
BY WILLIAM COWPER.

(An excellent New Song to a Tune never sung before.)

I SING of a journey to Clifton*
We would have performed, if we could;
Without cart or barrow, to lift on
Poor Mary† and me, thro' the mud.
Sle, Sla, Slud,
Stuck in the mud;
O it is pretty to wade thro' a flood!

So away we went slipping and sliding,
Hop, Lop, *a la mode de deux frogs:*
'Tis near as good walking as riding,
When ladies are dressed in their clogs.
Wheels no doubt,
Go briskly about,
But they clatter, and rattle, and make such a rout.

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

"Well! now, I protest it is charming;
How finely the weather improves!
That cloud, tho' is rather alarming,
How slowly and stately it moves."

HE.

"Pshaw! never mind,
'Tis not in the wind,
We are travelling south, and shall leave it behind."

SHE.

"I am glad we are come for an airing,
For folks may be pounded, and penn'd,
Until they grow rusty, not caring
To stir half a mile to an end."

HE.

"The longer we stay,
The longer we may; [way"
It's a folly to think about weather or

SHE.

"But now I begin to be frighted,
If I fall, what a way I should roll!
I am glad that the bridge was indicted:
Stay! stop! I am sunk in a hole!"

HE.

"Nay, never care,
'Tis a common affair;
You'll not be the last, that will set a foot there"

SHE.

"Let me breathe now a little, and ponder"
On what it were better to do:
That terrible lane, I see yonder,
I think we shall never get thro'."

HE.

"So think I:—
But by the bye,
We never shall know, if we never should try."

SHE.

"But, should we get there, how shall we get home;
What a terrible deal of bad road we have past!
Slipping, and sliding; and if we should come
To a difficult stile, I am ruined at last!
Oh this lane
Now it is plain,
That struggling and striving is labour in vain."

HE.

"Stick fast there, while I go and look;"

SHE.

"Don't go away, for fear I should fall:"

HE.

"I have examin'd it every nook,
And what you have here, is a sample of all.
Come wheel round;
The dirt we have found
Would be an estate, at a farthing a pound."

Now sister Anne*, the guitar you must take,
Set it, and sing it, and make it a song:
I have varied the verse, for variety's sake,
And cut it off short—because it was long.
'Tis hobbling, and lame,
Which critics won't blame.
For the sense, and the sound, they say, should be the same.

* *A village near Olney.*
† *Mrs Unwin.*
* *The late Lady Austin.*

SCOLDING BY PROXY.

I remember a comic instance of

the cooling efficacy of a medium of transmission in a scolding match. The late Dr. R. F. when he first settled in this country, brought over a wife and a numerous family, not one of whom, except his eldest son George, knew a word of English. It was not long before misunderstandings arose between the mistress and the servants; and one morning a lodger in the house was witness to the following scene:—Mrs. F. stood at her chamber door, the maid at the stair-foot, and George upon the landing-place. The lady, in harsh Teutonic, thundered invectives, which George translated in their passage, "My mother says you are a thief, and a slut, and a naughty woman." The wench in as equally loud key, retorted that her mistress was a liar, a slanderer, and so forth; which George, with the fidelity and in the same calm unvaried tone translated to his mother. Thus the dialogue was divested of all the accessory violence of speech and gesture and passion soon subsided for want of fuel. I should suppose that the discussions of plenipotentiaries by means of interpreters enjoy a similar advantage; otherwise, the mutual complaints of rough and uncivilized people might be apt to bring their respective agents to blows.

ANECDOTE OF ALONSO CANO—THE MICHAEL ANGELO OF SPAIN.

Returning home one evening he discovered his wife murdered, his house robbed, and an Italian journeyman, on whom the suspicion naturally fell, escaped, and not to be found. The criminal Judges held a Court of Enquiry upon the fact, and having discovered that Alonso Cano had been jealous of this Italian, and also that he was known to be attached to another woman, the acquitted the fugitive gallant, and with a sagacity truly in character condemned the husband. No choice was now left to Cano but to fly, and abandon Madrid in the midst of his prosperity. He caused it to be reported that he was gone to Portugal, and took refuge in the city of Valencia. Necessity soon compelled him to have recourse to his art, and his art immediately betrayed him. In this exigency he betook himself to the asylum of a Carthusian Convent at Porta Cœli, about three leagues from Valencia. Here he seemed for a time determined upon taking the order, but either the austerities of that habit, or some hopes of returning with impunity to a course of life more to his taste than a Convent, put him by from his design, and he was even rash enough to return to Madrid, thinking to conceal himself in the house of his father Don Rafael Sanchez Cano. He made several paintings here as well as with the Carthusians and not being of a temper to maintain any lasting restraint over himself, he neglected to keep house with Don Rafael, and was apprehended in the streets, and directions were given for putting him to the torture. Cano defended himself by the plea of *excellens arte*, and obtained so much mitigation as to have his right arm exemped from the ligature. He suffered the rack and had the resolution under the tortures not to criminate himself by any confession, not uttering a single word. This circumstance being related to Philip, he received him again into favour, and as Cano saw there was no absolute safety but within the pale of the Church he solicited the King with this view, and was named Resident of Grenada. The Chapter objected

to his nomination, and deputed two of their body to represent to Philip against the person of Cano, enumerating many disqualifications, and, amongst the rest, want of learning The King dismissed the Deputies, bidding them proceed to admit his nomination, and telling them, that, if Cano had been a man of learning, he should perhaps have made him their Bishop and not a Residentiary. 'Priests like you,' said Philip, 'I the King can make at pleasure, but God alone can create an Alonso Cano;' using the same retort to these complainants, as Charles the Vth did to his Courtiers in the case of Titiano. The Church of Grenada profited by his appointment, many sculptures and paintings being of his donation, and some he also bestowed upon the Church of Malaga. A Counsellor of Grenada having refused to pay the sum of one hundred pistoles for an image of San Antonio de Padua which Cano had made for him, he dashed the Saint into pieces on the pavement of his Academy, whilst the stupid counsellor was reckoning up how many pistoles per day Cano had earned whilst the work was in hand. 'You have been five-and twenty days carving this image of San Antonio,' said the niggardly arithmetician, 'and the purchase-money demanded being one hundred, you have rated your labour at the exorbitant price of four pistoles per day; whilst I, who am a Counsellor and your superior, do not make half your profits by my talents.' 'Wretch,' exclaimed the enraged artist, 'to talk to me of your talents—I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days,' and so saying, he flung it with the utmost violence upon the pavement. The affrighted Counsellor escaped out of the house with the utmost precipitation, concluding that the man, who was bold enough to demolish a Saint, would have very little remorse in destroying a Lawyer.

In the early period of his life, when the great artists of Flanders thought a journey to Spain well repaid by surveying and copying his works, and when he had so strong an idea in his mind of further excellence, that he refused payment for productions he regarded as imperfect, he could have given no greater evidence of the true spirit and native genius of an artist. The same spirit attended him to his last hour, the very eye that the hand of death was in the act of closing, and in which the light of life was all but absolutely extinct, revolted with abhorrence from a disproportioned and ill-carved Crucifix, though to that object the indispensable duties of his religion were affixed. Strong indeed must be the enthusiasm of that Virtuoso, who, when naked and starving, was to refuse entering the door that was opened to him, because the rules of architecture were not observed in its construction. If we may say of such a man that he loved his art better than his life, we may pronounce of Cano in stronger terms, that it was dearer to him than his soul.

There are many to whom a war of words is an agreeable exercise. They thrive by such contention, and are perfectly willing to take their share of reproachful language, provided they gain an opportunity of returning it with interest. I heard of a lady of free speech, who found herself often provoked to employ the vituperative powers on her husband. His method was always to take up his fiddle and play her a tune, without opening his lips,

whilst she was bursting with vexation. Her violence, augmented by his tranquility, at length brought her to her death-bed; but when near expiring, "I think," said she, "I could recover yet, if the fellow would but answer me:" this remedy, however, he was not at all inclined to administer.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Dr. Joseph Reade has published an Account of an Experiment, the result of which is in direct contradiction to the received opinion, that the agitation or friction of fluids cannot excite sensible heat. It is as follows:—The temperature of the apartment being 40°, half a pint of water at a similar heat, was poured into a tin bottle-shaped vessel, into the aperture of which was inserted a thermometer surrounded with chamois leather, and made to fit accurately, with its bulb nearly in the axis. After briskly agitating the vessel for a few minutes, to his great surprise he found that the temperature of the water rose eight degrees; and, even after the apparatus was uncovered and laid at rest on the table, the water continued to rise for several minutes; proving the origin of the heat to be inherent in the fluid, and independent of any external causes. Anxious to obviate every source of fallacy or objection, Dr. Reade prevented the communication of caloric by his hands, or of radiation from his body by coating the tin vessel with many layers of woollen cloth carefully wrapped round it, over which there was a tin case, the entire nearly two inches in thickness, and covered externally with three wet towels. The Rev. Mr. Hincks, lecturer on chemistry in the Cork Institution, to whom the experiment was communicated, on repeating it in a glass bottle, found the heat of the vessel, by means of a thermometer placed between it and the covering, to be inferior to that of the inclosed fluid, and on a par with the atmosphere which proves in a most satisfactory manner that there could be no communication of caloric from the hand.

The Epistolary Correspondence between Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot appeared in May.

A new edition of Swift's Works, in nineteen volumes octavo, is just published.

Doctor De Carro, of Vienna, states, that he has lately been informed by one of his friends, returned from Russia, that the substance employed in manufacturing shawls, is a down which grows under the hair of the common goats of Russia. This down begins to grow during the autumn, and is the winter clothing of the animal. When spun and woven, this kind of stuff appears to the touch to be perfectly similar to the shawls of Cashmire.

A projector at Paris has offered to construct a press capable of printing in twelve hours 1200 copies of a work, not exceeding twenty-four sheets, either in the common way, or in stereotype. He farther announces a press capable of working 30,000 sheets, with ordinary types, in 12 hours, and also a new method of composition, much more expeditious than that now in use.

M. Louis Dupoy, a colonist of St. Domingo, arrived some time since in France with a variety of seeds and specimens of the cotton plant. These seeds were distributed among the Members of the Agricultural Society of Paris; and at a late meeting several reports were read from members who had attempted the cultivation of this commodity in France; all of which give a most flattering account of the success of the experiment. In Provence and Languedoc, in particular, the crop of cotton was very abundant, and equally in quality the production of the West Indies, as was attested to the French government by several colonists. Not only the cultivation of cotton is pursued with spirit in the southern provinces, but M. Neuvry has introduced the sweet potato of St. Domingo, which he has raised during the last five years with great success. This root preserves its balsamic sweetness, which renders it so highly esteemed in the West Indies. When raised in hot beds, it is as large and abundant as in its native islands; and the above-mentioned cultivator has also succeeded in raising it in common mould.

The Abbé Gaetano Marini, first librarian of the Vatican, has lately published at Rome 146 documents of the middle ages, written on papyrus, accompanied with historical and diplomatical illustrations. The first is a bull of Pope John for finishing the church of the Apos

bout the year 570. It appears that to he end of the 11th century, the papal ulls were always written upon papyrus.

Don Juan Manuel de Arejula has lately ublished, at Madrid, a short Description f the Yellow Fever, which reigned some me since in Andalusia. He considers it s highly contagious. A contrary opinion s maintained by Don Francisco Salva, who studied the disease at Barcelona, and escribes it as not contagious, but attri- utes it to exhalations from the port of hat city, which is daily becoming shal- ower, and is likely to be in time com- letely filled up by the accumulations of th thrown into it.

In digging into a mound of earth ad- ining the south side of the ruins of Tyne- outh Priory, a capacious cemetery, or ched tomb, was lately discovered; some man bones of a large size, and skulls, ere found on the floor, a few of them ery perfect It is not known that this ace has been opened since the dissolu- n of the Priory in 1539. During the ge of Tynemouth Castle, by Crom- ell, above a century after that period ng Charles the First's troops erected a ttery, a little to the southward of this metery; the scite yet remains pretty per- t. It appears they had dug out much th to raise the battery, and had left off hin six feet of the entrance into this metery, which is now to be converted o a gun-powder magazine.

The debasement of the coin of Eng- d, is well known to have been exces- e.

The pound sterling was first debased Edward I. by coining it into twenty lings and three pence. Then by Ed- rd III. who, by three several reductions, ought it to 25*s.* in tale: Henry IV. redu- it to 30*s*; Edward IV. to 37*s*6: Henry I. to 42*s*2-4*d* in the 18th year of his reign And Queen Elizabeth, by two reductions ught the pound to 58*s* 1 1-2d. James I. taken measures for a new reduction, gave it up from the councils of Lord on. Sir Robert Cotton, in the reign Charles I. and Mr. Locke afterwards the honour of stopping similar at- pts.

ut though the English pound sterling educed to somewhat more than one d of its original value, there is hardly nation which has debased its coin so e. The German florin, though it is sidered to have suffered less than any coin on the continent, is yet six times less than it originally was: Scotland, prior to the Union had debased its pound to a thirty-sixth part: The French livre has been reduced to a seventy-fourth of its original value; the Spanish marvedi to less than a thousandth, and the Portuguese re, has suffered still more.

DOMESTIC.

A flock of sheep was drove through the town of Ontario, (N. Y.) from the eastward, among which we understand there was a Spanish or Merino ram, purchased by James Wadsworth, Esq. of Col. Humphreys, for 100 dollars; great exertions are making in the eastern counties, of this state, to introduce the Spanish breed of sheep. A manufactury for making fine cloth, has lately been established in Dutchess county, at which 10*s*. a pound is offered for Spanish wool. It is calculated by those who have written on the subject that Spanish wool from the Merino breed of sheep, may be made a staple article of export of vast importance, from the United States to Great Britain and Holland, and that it will command, with very little variation in price, 1 dollar 25 per pound.

A law was passed by the legislature of this state, at the last session, granting a premium of 50 dollars to the person who shall introduce a Merino ram into any of the counties of the state. Mr. Wadsworth we believe is the first in this state.

[*N. York paper.*

The secret of browning gun barrels proves to be more simple than has been generally imagined. The method is, after the barrel has been finished, rub it over with some aqua-fortis, or spirit of salt diluted with water, and then lay it by for a week or a fortnight, till it acquires a complete coat of rust, a little oil is then to be applied, and the surface being rubbed dry, it is to be polished by means of a hard brush.

Shelton Jones, of Richmond, has been engaged to finish the fourth and last volume of the *History of Virginia*, left incomplete by the sudden death of *John D. Burk.*

Birch and Small of Philadelphia, announce that they have just received from London, and will speedily publish, *The History of the early part of the Reign of James the Second*—By the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

POETRY.

EXTRACTS FROM MERCER'S POEMS.

'Sequester'd Fountain! ever pure,
Whose placid streamlet flows,
In silent lapse, through glens obscure,
Where timid flocks repose:
Tired and disabled in the race,
I quit ambition's fruitless chase,
To shape my course by thine;
And, pleas'd, from serious trifles turn,
As thus, around thy little urn,
A votive wreath I twine.

'Fair Fountain! on thy margin green,
May tufted trees arise,
And spreading boughs thy bosom skreen
From summer's fervent skies;—
Here may the spring her flow'rets strew,
And morning shed her pearly dew,
May health infuse her balm;
And some soft virtue in thee flow,
To mitigate the pangs of woe,
And bid the heart be calm.

'O! may the salutary streams,
Like those of LETHE's spring,
That bathe the silent land of dreams,
Some drops oblivious bring—
With that blest opiate in my bowl,
Far shall I from my wounded soul
The thorns of spleen remove—
Forget how there at first they grew,
And, once again, with man renew
The cordial ties of love.

'For what avails the wretch to bear
Imprinted on his mind,
The lessons of distrust and fear,
Injurious to mankind?—
Hopeless in his disastrous hour,
He sees the gath'ring tempest lower,
The bursting cloud impend—
Tow'rds the wild waste he turns his eye,
Nor can that happy port descry,
The bosom of a friend.

— — — —

'Ah me! to Youth's ingenuous eye,
What charms the prospect wears!—
Bright as the portals of the sky
The op'ning world appears;
There every figure stands confest,
In all the sweet advantage drest
Of Candour's radiant robe—
There no mean cares admission find,
Love is the business of mankind,
And Honour rules the globe.

'But if those gleams fallacious prove
That paint the world so fair;
If heaven has plac'd for gen'rous love
No soft asylum there;
If men fair faith, fair fame deride,
Bent on the crooked paths that guide
To Int'rest's sordid shrine;
Be yours ye gloomy sons of Woe!
That melancholy truth to know,
The dream of bliss be mine.'

'Though sweet the breath of vernal hours,
When garlands hang on ev'ry thorn,
When ev'ry path is strew'd with flow'rs,
And opening rose-buds greet the morn;
Who knows what blasts may yet arise;—
However sweet, however gay,
The blossom may our hopes betray—
It is th' autumnal fruit, we prize.

'Alas! the same precarious fate
Attends on childhood's pleasing show—
The parent views with hopes elate,
His favourites round the table grow;
Who lost to worth in riper years,
To duty lost, may yet conspire
To wring thy heart, unhappy sire!
And drench thy furrowed cheek in tears.

'While the poor child of homelier mien,
Who in the corner sits forlorn,
Sobs hourly at parental spleen,
And eats the bitter bread of scorn;
Untainted by the pamper'd crew,
And faithful to affection's call,
Perhaps, in his paternal hall,
Shall trim the lamp of joy anew.'

EPIGRAM.

With folded hands, and lifted eyes,
'Have mercy, Heaven!' the parson cries
And on our sun-burnt, thirsty plains,
Thy blessing send, in genial rains!'
The sermon ended, and the prayers,
The parson to begone prepares;
When, with a look of brighten'd smiles
'Thank Heaven, it rains!' cries Farmer Giles.
'Rains!' quoth the parson—'Sure you joke!
Rain! Heaven forbid!—I've got no cloa

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By E. G. HOUSE, No. 5, Court Str

MONTHLY LIST
OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

AUGUST.

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr Henry Lane, to Miss Elizabeth Smith; Mr. Charles Wells, to Miss Nancy Gardner; Mr. Daniel Brown, to Miss Ann Pike, of Portsmouth; Joseph Hall, Esq. to Miss Sarah Gray; Mr. Joseph Gray, to Miss Lucretia Hurley; Mr. Henry Hiorns, to Mrs. Sarah Neal; Joseph Story, Esq. of Salem, to Miss Sarah Waldo Wetmore; Mr. Charles Lerow, to Miss Nancy D. Eaton; Francis Blanchard, Esq. to Mrs. Mary-Anne Lee.

In Schenectady, by the Rev. President Nott, Benjamin Parsons, Esq of Chesterfield, to Mrs. Mary Gray, of Boston; In New York, Rev. Alexander Gunn, to Miss Sarah Nichols; Mr. Dominick Crassous, of Martinique, to Miss Eliza Wilkie, of New York; In West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Capt. Abner Stearns, to Mrs. Ann Estabrook; In Reading, Mr Joel Winn, to Miss Lydia Whittemore, of Cambridge; In Salem, Capt. Gamaliel H. Ward, to Miss Priscilla L. Townsend; In Portland, Mr. George Howell, mer. to Miss Mary Moulton; In Portsmouth, Capt. George Swett, to Miss Mehitable Hill; In Marblehead, Mr. Stephen White, of Salem, to Miss Harriet Story; In Berwick, (Penn.) Mr. Thomas R. Richardson, mer of Boston, to Miss Ann Newton, of New Jersey; In Scituate, Capt. Joseph Pierce, of Boston, to Miss Sally Hatch; In Newington, (N. H.) Mr. Nathaniel Cate, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Phipps, of Portsmouth.

In New Bedford, Mr. James Davis, jun. to Miss Abigail Allen; In Salem, Mr. Herbert Thorndike, to Miss Mary Pellet.

In Welch Hampton, (E.) Mr Joshua Lewis, of Breeden Heath, to Miss Glover, of Ellesmere; the bridegroom is 17 years of age, and the bride 88.

At Otley, after a disconsolate widowhood of three months, Mr. George Rastrick, of Hawkesworth, aged 78, to Mrs. Mitton, of Burley-wood-head, aged 60; making the fourth visit by the husband and the third by the fair bride, to the altar of Hymen.

Mr. William Carter, master and owner of the Sandwich, of Stockton, aged 55, to Miss Phœbe Pert, agen 21. They never saw each other till the evening preceding the nuptials, and the match was made up in less than five minutes!

At Newmarket, Wm. Wright, a private soldier in the Western regiment of the Suffolk Militia, to Sarah Whiterod, in order to claim a portion of 21l. which was left by the will of the late John Perram, Esq. who gained a great fortune on the turf, and who devised the above sum to any young man and woman, native parishioners of Newmarket, between the ages of 20 and 25, making oath that they were not worth 20l. This portion has been bequeathed many years, but was never before claimed. The parties must be married on the Thursday in Easter week.

DIED,

In this town, Mrs. Sarah Kendall, aged 37, wife of Mr. Thomas K.; Mr. William Freeman, 77; Anna Maria, youngest child of Mr. Edward Edes; Mrs. Lucretia, wife of Mr. Samuel A. Shed, 26; Wm. Wells, baker, 32; Mr. Robert Fulton, 63; Mr. Robert Fairservice; Mr. Benjamin Gardner, 59; Mrs. Lucy, wife of Mr. Charles Hunt, 27; Miss Hannah Hichborn, 48; Mr. John Richards, 24, formerly of Baltimore; Mrs. Elizabeth Bulfinch, 72; Mrs Mary Gunderson, 66; Mr. Samuel Williams, 37; Henry, son of Mr. John Drayton, 2y. 4m.; Joseph, son of Mr. Thomas Francis, 3y.; Miss Judah M'Corrister, 22; Miss Caroline, eldest daughter of the late Capt David Phillips, 10y. Abigail Woods, only daughter of Mr. Wm. Perkins, 11m. Mr. John Henly, jun. 27.

In Batavia, Mr. James Holbrook, of Sherburne, (Ms) 27; In the United Kingdom of England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland, during the year 1807, there died 45

persons (19 males and 26 females) between the ages of 100 and 138 years; 16 of them enjoyed uninterrupted good health until the time of their decease; In Honduras, John E. Hill, Esq. 37, late of Boston; In B-th, (Eng.) on the 11th of May last, Mrs. Mary Jeffrey, wife of Patrick Jeffrey, Esq. formerly resident in this town. The benevolence of her mind, and her extensive charities will long endear her memory to the inhabitants of this town and its vicinity.

In Canton, Col. Benjamin Bussey, 74; a man of strict honour and undeviating integrity, whose hands ever cheerfully obeyed the dictates of a generous heart; In New London, Mr. Daniel Rogers, 21, of Montville: he left home in the night with a cart-load of hogsheads for New London; and it appears, rode on the forepart of the load, and passing under a tree which had recently fallen partly into the highway, a limb struck him upon the breast, and killed him. The resistance was so great as to stop the team.—In Richmond, (N. H.) Mr. Jedidiah Buffum, 71; of the society of friends, and perhaps the largest man in the state, he weighing 400 lbs. In Portland, Mrs. Lydia, wife of Mr. Josiah Carter, 31; In Westfield, Abraham Burbank, Esq. 69; In Shutesbury, Mr Jonathan Russell, of Wendell, 19, drowned while bathing; In Northampton, Miss Lovice Lyman, 28; At sea, Capt. John Hay, of Charleston: he jumped out of the cabin window, with 600 dollars in his pockets, as sinkers; In Scituate, Capt. Joshua Jacobs, 71; In Newburyport, Mrs. Tamazin, wife of Capt. William Eustis, 47; In Marblehead, Mr. Elias Hulew, 76.—In England, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, 88; In Salem, Capt. Thomas Bowditch, 75; Capt. Elias Grant, 54; Mr. Henry Lemon; Capt. Samuel Robinson, 79; Mr. Joseph Hunt, 19; In Medford, Mr. Marshal Brooks, 24; In Charlestown, Mr. Samuel Swan, 83; In Dedham, Wid. Elizabeth Greenleaf, 67; In Milton, Mr. George Clark, 63; Mr. Wm. Swift, 21; In Taunton, Mrs. Lucy Phillips, 63; In Beverly, Dea. Benjamin Cleaves, 86; Mrs Ruth, wife of Capt. Benjamin Beckford, 44; Mr. Henry Lovett, 22; In Marshfield, Mr. William Turner of Boston.

Near New York city, Midshipman Eli E. Danielson, (son-in-law to Gen. Eaton) shot through the breast, in a duel, by Midshipman Philip P. Schuyler. Mr. D. fell at the first fire: the cause of the dispute was an assertion of D. that there was not a brave officer from the state of New York, which S. being from that state, considered himself bound to resent.—In Portsmouth, Dea. George J. Osborne; In Newbury, Mrs. Sarah Pike, 28; In Newburyport, Mrs. Sarah Prince, 83; In Wrentham, Mrs. Abigail Guild, widow of the late Benjamin Guild, Esq. 82; In Charlestown, Miss Betsy Hall, 18.

Near Fayetteville, (N. C.) Mr. Elijah Fisher: supposed to have been shot by his son, a lad of 14y. In New York, Mrs. Watkeys, wife of Mr. Edward W. their daughter, aged 18, and a black female and her two children, all burnt to death during a fire which happened in that city, and which consumed 8 or 9 buildings in Nassau street; In Providence, Mrs. Wait, relict of Capt. Charles Field, 87; Mrs. Esther, wife of Capt. John Wheedon, 46; Lt. Joseph Field, 31; In Burlington, (Vt.) a daughter of Mr. Ebenezer White, 3y, while playing before a fire, her clothes caught, and she burnt to death; In Harrington, (Me.) a travelling bookseller, supposed to be William Edwards from Boston; shot by one Nash, who was pursuing E. to stop him, he being considered deranged; In New Bedford, Mrs. Abigail Reed, 50; Mr. Joseph Demon; Mr Noble Purrington, 21; Mr. Wm. Goodwin; In Scituate, suddenly, Major Nathaniel Winslow, 67; In Groton, Col. Ebenezer Hopkins, 38; In Salem, Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Moses Fairchild, 22; In Roxbury, Daniel, only son of Mr. Daniel Pettibone.

In England,

At Birmingham, aged 66, Mr. J. Collins, one of the proprietors of the Birmingham Chronicle, and the facetious author of "The morning Brush." Mr Collins was a native of Bath, and, very early in life, made his appearance on the Bath stage, where, in the progress of a few years, he filled as great a variety of characters as were ever respectably performed by any actor whatever. Parts in tragedy, genteel comedy, low comedy, and the old men and country boys, in farce and operas were all admirably sustained by him. But the chief merit of Mr. Collins lay in his lyric compositions, and the feeling, comic, and unaffected style in which he sung them. Those who have heard his "Down-hill of Life," "The Chapter of Kings," "The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess," and scores of simila

effusions, will not easily lose the remembrance of the pleasure they afforded —He was the most successful of all George Alexander Stevens's followers, as an original and humorous lecturer, by which exertions of his mental powers he happily acquired a competency that made "the down hill of his own life" smooth and comfortable.

At Thurnham, Mr. S. Jones. He was remarkable for his penurious economy. From the situation of a gentleman's coachman, he rose to the possession of a fortune, and accumulated the sum of 27,000l. by denying himself the enjoyments of life. He has bequeathed his property to a number of poor relations, to whom, during his life, he paid no attention. A niece, with a large family, to whom he left 2,000l. died at Maidstone, a few days ago.

Mr. Wm. Lee, of Finchley, aged 77: he died in the same bed in which he was born, and, in his whole life, never slept a night in any other.

In Liverpool, on his way to Bath, the Rev. Mr. Crellen, late vicar-general of the Isle of Man.

In St. Gilesgate, Durham, in the 96th year of his age, William Cloyd. Among the many eccentric tricks of his youth, he once undertook to descend upon a rope from the steeple of St. Giles's church, to the Bower Banks adjoining, and accomplished it unhurt. In 1739, he was with Admiral Vernon, at the taking of Porto Bello and Carthagena. In 1742, he was deprived of his eyesight by lightning, upon the African coast; and, after that, became famous for dressing sheep's feet, which proved a very profitable trade to him, and enabled him to procure his quantum of ale, of which he consumed no small quantity. At cards and bowling-matches Cloyd was generally one of the foremost, and frequently betted very freely. He enjoyed, in general, a very good state of health, and within the last twenty years has been seen to run round the feet of a large stool turned topsy turvy, with his boots on. About twenty-six years ago, he was at a bowling-match on Gilesgate moor, when a violent altercation arose about the position of the bowls, which had nearly ended in blows; when Cloyd, starting from the crowd, cried out, "Lead me to the place where the bowls are." On his arrival there, after groping awhile for the bowls he cried out, "any body may see that bowl is first." This created a loud laugh, and put all the parties in good humour again. About 18 years ago, he received one of Hetherington's benefactions of ten pounds a year to blind men, upon which he subsisted till his decease.

At Northampton, Thomas Percy, LL.D. one of the senior fellows, and vice-president of St. John's college, Oxford. Dr. Percy was nephew to the celebrated Bishop of Dromore; the last edition of whose valuable and interesting "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" he edited. To this work he was preparing the addition of a fourth volume, which was announced so long since as March, 1807, and which, will not, we trust, even now be withheld from the literary world, to whom Dr. Percy's taste and information on this subject are well known.

At Lisbon, Charles Murray, Esq. late his Majesty's consul-general at the island of Madeira; he was the second son of John Murray, Esq. Philiphaugh, heritable sheriff of Selkirk and the forests, who represented that county in parliament for many years.

In a tavern, at Berlin, General Kleist, who, in November, 1806, surrendered Magdeburgh to the French.

At Genoa, signor Airelo, the late doge. He left considerable property to the poor.

At Arkleby Hall, in his 40th year, the Rev John Temple, A. M. classical master of the Free School at Ponsonby, since its first opening, in the year 1798; a gentleman eminently qualified for the office; the duties of which he discharged with increasing reputation to himself, and advantage to his pupils.

Mr. John Jackson, of Hutton Rudby school, aged 65. He was a universal scholar, and many years contributor to those entertaining annual publications, the Ladies' and Gentlemens' Diaries

In Manchester, the Rev. John Goodwin, a minister in the connection of the methodists, in the 67th year of his age, and 40th of his ministry; during which time he laboured with unblemished character in an itinerant capacity in England and Ireland.

In Islington, near Liverpool, the Rev. Thomas Castley, A. M. many years Chaplain at Castletown in the Isle of Man, and master of the grammar-school there, 78. Nearly all of the present clergy of the Island have been his pupils.

In Shenton, aged 106 years, Joseph Lemon, many years a labourer and tenant of F. Wollaston, esq. He retained the perfect use of all his senses to the last

He was a school-boy going from Belfont to Hounslow, April 22, 1715, during the total eclipse of the sun, and was so alarmed at the extreme darkness that he sat under a hedge until it was over. He was a very active little man, and in early life excelled in mowing and other field work. About six years since, he went on foot to Atherstone fair, a distance of six miles and returned the same evening. Till within the last two years, he regularly fetched up his cows to milk and drove them back again, a distance of half a mile. He had acquired a small landed property by his industry, and was respected by all who knew him.

In Llanvon, near Aberystwith, Jeremiah Davies, the Welch dwarf, aged 58, measuring only forty-six inches in height; his person was the perfection of symmetry, which is rarely found in a dwarf. Great part of his time was spent in London, where he was well known, and to which place he intended to have walked the ensuing week.

In Drumand, Mr. John Reside, farmer, aged 102 years. His long life adds another instance to the many we have upon record, of the effects of temperance on the human frame. Temperate in all his meals, he enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health till near his last. He was, perhaps, never intoxicated during his whole life; and his manner of living more resembled the ancients, than the pampered and voluptuous sons and daughters of the present day.

In Montrose, aged 54, the Rev. John Reay, Chaplain for upwards of 28 years of the English episcopal chapel of St. Peter, Montrose.

In Inverness, John Anderson, aged 71, a man of irreproachable conduct, and unquestionably one of the best composers of Scotish music since the days of Oswald.

At Roseyards, near Ballymony, the Rev. John Tennant, aged 82, and upwards of 57 years pastor of the Seceding congregation of that place.

Killed, near Bergen, in Norway, in an engagement with some Danish gun boats, Capt. Bettesworth, commander of the Tartar frigate. Capt. Bettesworth had often distinguished himself by his gallant conduct on former occasions; particularly on the 4th of February, 1804, while Lieutenant of the Centaur, with Sir Samuel Hood. In conjunction with Lieut. R. C Reynolds, of the same ship, he boarded and cut out from under Fort Edward, Martinique, Le Curieux, of 16 guns. In this enterprize Lieut. Reynolds was ki ed, and his gallant companion so dre fully cut and shot in various parts, th his recovery was for some time extrem ly doubtful. For this atchievement was promoted to the rank of commande and to the command of the vessel he h so gallantly captured. He remained in t West Indies, capturing the enemy's cr zers, until the arrival of Lord Nelson quest of the Toulon fleet. He was officer who, when commander of the rieux brig, brought the dispatches fr Lord Nelson, when in pursuit of the co bined fleet in the West Indies, in 180 on which occasion he was promoted to rank of Post Captain. Capt. Betteswor who was a native of Southampton, lately married to Lady Hannah Gr sister to Earl Gray, and had just fit out the frigate in which he so prematu ly lost his valuable life at the age of He was universally beloved in the n of which he was one of the brightest naments.

In Walcot Poor-house, James W aged 107. He lived as a servant to "Squire Hooper" 16 years; but was greater part of his life a chairman. had three wives; by the first he fifteen children, one of whom vives him, and who is likewise a chair He went into the poor-house Apr 1797; and was then, by his own acco 97, though it was reported he was He has lived there nearly 11 years. perfectly recollected hearing about death of Queen Anne, and the corona of George I. His faculties were clear within three or four days of his dis tion.

Near Cullybackey, Martha Hannah ged 126 years. She was born near gannon; said she remembered to heard the shots fired in an engage that took place there in the year 16 and that she carried the victuals to masons and carpenters who built lybackey meeting-house in 1727, being then 45 years of age. She married when she was an old maid, had children, and enjoyed a con state of good health. She was a woman measured last year four feet inches.

In Gross Gerau, in Germany, Fre George Augustus, cousin of the reig landgrave Hesse Darmstadt.